

Canibus Lyrics

"Take 'Dat"

(feat. Star Awon & Ike Infa Diamond)

Fake niggaz get rejected auditionin for heart
They auditionin for the wrong part
Nigga you ain't from the hood you got the wrong one
You all soft with no thought all talk
You in the wrong sport
In a golf cart talkin bout you hardcore
With that bullshit 22 you bought from Wal-Mart
My gat bark, bite you like a shark
Right in the heart like a mosquito bite in the dark
You got bit you massage it, I'ma lighten your pockets
Make a withdrawal and take your deposits to split profit
My sawed-off blow arms off
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost
It's your loss; Motherfuckers keep your ears to the streets
Cuz if you raise up get hit in the head with the heat
If you dead you can't eat so don't be a fool and
Try to protect your jewels cuz they can't protect you

[Chorus x2]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

Uh, murderous mind state is a given
Master of self but a slave to the rhythm
My wolves like dogs say sick 'em man get 'em
My slugs heat seekin if I spit 'em I'ma hit 'em
I'm a marksman spend my free time at the range
Just incase I gotta put one up in your brain
Sit your five dollar ass down before I lay change
I don't believe y'all niggaz, y'all niggaz been lames
One spit flames call a fireman
Sendin these weak motherfuckers to the [?]
Sixteens hit like the bird flu and my word true
I could dial seven digits and get you hurt dude
Remember, A-1 remarkable rhymin
Prozac washed down with Grey Goose and lime and
Niggaz do what I say like Simon
If I got the iron, hands in the air I ain't lyin'

[Chorus x2]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

The street lights illuminates the crooked runway
 Leadin' us from the one way
Toward a narrow path of 40 odors and gun play
Tryina stay away from the crosshairs when the gun spray
The air will dry your body like salt tears in the sun's rays
 Sorta like we raisin or paper chasin with [?]
 Stayin on a case do a number like 40-1k
Thought of pushin rock like McGrady across the half court
Dribblin the crack while on the post with the black torch
Dumpin off jump shots stackin' up for the black Porsche
Law enforcement officers flash badges like passports
Actin' like we free when we actually being trapped off
My rap keep you runnin' like athletes on a track course
Ridin' with the mac like we saddled up on a black horse
It's like they tryna shackle the very root of my black thought
 Flossin on a broad day ballin out in the off ray
Chevrolet Suburban gold ? chuckas it's all suede

[Chorus x4]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
 Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat